

THE LADY'S

OR,

WEEKLY



MISCELLANY;

THE

VISITOR.

FOR THE USE AND AMUSEMENT OF BOTH SEXES.

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[NO. 10.

### THE CAVERN OF STROZZI.

*In Continuation.*

The government of Venice has, from time immemorial, resided in the hands of the most illustrious families. To the nobles alone belong the exercise of the sovereign power, and those officers of state by which it is supported ; but in order to form a counterpoise to an authority which might degenerate into tyranny, the legislature has created a tribunal as august as terrible, whose office it is to preserve the balance between its power and aristocracy. This supreme tribunal, which is known by the name of the *Council of Ten*, because it is composed of that number of senators, unites the high function of protecting the republic against the attempts of ambition, to the no less important one of detecting and punishing guilt.

A religious terror and profound mystery attend the operations of this state inquisition, which, by its omnipotent majesty, equally strikes terror into the noble doge and the humble citizen. There are none whose thoughts they do not discover, none of whose actions they

are ignorant. By means of its faithful agents it obtains information of the most hidden secrets ; it punishes concealed crimes. Its judgments are pronounced in darkness, and its executions are performed in silence : a man who is the object of its vengeance disappears from society as by enchantment, and society is only informed of his crime by hearing of his condemnation.

The *Ten* never pardon ; but though it is certain they are inflexible, they are not unjust : the blood they shed is always the impure blood which has communicated its corruption to society. It is forbidden, under the most heavy penalties, in any manner to speak of this tribunal : it no less punishes those who praise, than those who speak irreverently of it :—its commands enjoin only silence. In a word, terror precedes it, mystery accompanies it, and death stalks in its rear.

It was to this council I resolved to denounce the facts I had witnessed ; but they appeared to me of so particular a nature, that instead of adopting the common mode, which consists in throwing

the accusation in the mouth of the brazen lions placed in the vestibule of the palace of the Ten, I determined to inform them personally.

In the evening I quitted the cavern and the island of Strozzi, resolved to return to it as the deliverer of innocence. But in order to obtain this object in a manner as easy as infallible, I the next day endeavoured to obtain some information respecting Olympia, and after various enquiries made by myself, and through the medium of my friends, the following is what I collected of that extraordinary woman.

Descended from the most illustrious houses of Venice, and reckoning among her ancestors a long series of doges and senators, Signora Olympia Giustiniani received an education suitable to her birth, which early developed her character: a display of brilliant talents and rare attractions accompanied her earliest years, and she was cited as a model of perfection, at an age when others are scarce out of their infancy. It would have been difficult to have found a more beautiful and noble countenance, a more dignified air, or manners more ingenuous, and at the same time more commanding: she possessed the charms of Venus, and the dignity of Juno. At 11 years of age she formed the pride of her family: there was no festival she did not embellish with her presence; no assembly she did not

grace with her enchanting talents; whether she sang at the Conservatorio, or danced at the Ridotto, or appeared at the public promenade, she was sure to attract a crowd of admirers, paying homage to her charms. Happy the young senator who obtained the honour of her hand! more happy he whom she distinguished by a look!

It is the custom among the grandees of Venice to place the young Signoras destined to the marriage state, in convents; there for the space of one or two years, they are instructed in the duties that sacred obligation imposes.

It appears at first rather singular that young ladies should be immured within the solitary cloister, in order to learn how to deport themselves in the marriage state; but the astonishment ceases when you are informed that the wisdom of the senate has banished from the convents those obscure ideas, those mysterious solemnities, those superstitious practices which characterize a religion ill understood, and that in their stead it only tolerates the exercise of a mild, beneficent, and enlightened piety.

Olympia was only fourteen years of age when she entered one of those asylums. Her absence left a void in the gaieties of public life, which none other was capable of filling. It seemed that the graces and pleasures had quitted the city to take refuge in the solitude of her who had given them birth.

The festival of St. Mark, the patron and protector of the republic, arrived; there is no authority, no political institution, which does not celebrate it with pomp; and the convents are not the last among the number. All Venice was soon informed that in the course of this solemnity, Signora Olympia, of the convent of Santa Trinita, would sing an anthem of her own composition, accompanied on the organ. Great was the concourse of people assembled on the occasion: in two hours the church of the Convent of Santa Trinita was filled, and at five the ceremony commenced.

After the sermon, which was scarce attended to, so great was the impatience to hear the noble songstress, a finely executed prelude on the organ announced her presence: all were silent and every ear was rivetted with attention. Olympia sweetly touched the keys with her harmonious fingers, and drew forth most enchanting melody; but, when her voice accompanied the sounds of the instrument, it filled the vaulted roof of the temple with its ravishing harmony. The enthusiasm of the auditors exceeded all bounds, and, forgetting the sacredness of the place, they testified their gratification by loud and repeated plaudits.

At the appointed time the nuns drew the curtains which concealed them from the eyes of the public,

and delighted their eyes with the object that had enchanted their ears. Olympia advanced, full of grace and dignity, and sung without any accompaniment, a sacred hymn; but as she proceeded in the divine strain, her voice experienced a sensible alteration—she was seized with an universal tremor, and was unable to finish.—This accident was attributed to her extreme sensibility and the effect of her exertions, but her weakness was to be ascribed to a different cause.

Among the numerous and brilliant youths whose attention she attracted, she remarked a young lord whose eyes were more particularly fixed on her's.

She could not resist the emotion she felt, and it increased as she observed the same eyes constantly rivetted on her. Love, which Olympia was as yet unacquainted with, at this moment took possession of her heart; it penetrated her soul; established its dominion, and reigned tyrant over her: an instant kindled the flames of desire in the young signora's breast, and the most terrible of passions devoured the soul of her who was destined to become the victim of each of them.

From that time calmness and tranquillity left her; the pleasures derived from the study of the fine arts, and the exercise of her talents, became insipid to her.—



Wholly abandoned to her passion, and the irresistible impulse of love, Olympia forgot the duty she owed her rank: descending from the dignity of a virtuous lady to the licentiousness of a woman of intrigue, she first solicited the heart of the cavalier who had conquered her's. He was a young Neapolitan Lord, named Laurentini, adorned with every gift of nature and of fortune, but whose principles were loose, and whose character was unsteady. The declaration of Olympia promised him an agreeable adventure, and the conquest of her heart added one name to the list of his successes; however, as the mind of Olympia was as cultivated as her love was ardent, she failed not to make a deep impression on the heart of Laurentini. She kept him constant for some months by the attraction of her charms, and continued her conquest by the display of her accomplishments.

But at the end of a certain period, while the passion of Olympia increased, that of Laurentini, satiated with the delights of love, became less ardent. One day upon a frivolous pretence, he wrote her a farewell letter, and prepared to leave Venice. Olympia for the moment abandoned herself to despair, but recalling all the energies of her soul, she formed the design of retaining by force a lover who had deserted her thro' treachery.

She had the liberty, whenever

she pleased, of going from the convent of Saint Trinita to her father's house. It was in consequence of this privilege she had managed all her interviews with Laurentini. When she had recovered the shock occasioned by her perfidious lover's letter, she repaired to the palace of Giustini-ani, and having assembled the senators, her father and her brothers, discovered her amour to them, and terminated a confession which had irritated them by words that appeased their anger.

"I am to blame, (said she) but it is not impossible for him who has been the cause of my error to repair it. The blood of Laurentini is illustrious, and without disgrace may be allied to mine.— Though you may be ashamed at my weakness, you need not blush at my marriage. This very evening the lover of your daughter may become her noble spouse, and you may embrace a son and a brother in him whom you now regard as an enemy."

The father of Olympia applauded his daughter's plan. She accordingly wrote to Laurentini, and dissembling her thoughts, earnestly intreated him for the last time, to favour her with a visit. Fearful lest he should not consent to it, she felt composed when her lover returned for answer, he would meet her; and she waited his coming with the utmost tranquillity.

It was usually in a cloister, not far from a little chapel, that these lovers held their place of meeting. Olympia had sworn that this place which, had been the witness of her frailty, should likewise witness her courage, and had determined that where she had received an injury, she should find reparation.

At ten in the evening the family of Giustiniani, accompanied by a chaplain, and conducted by Olympia, repaired to the cloister; they instantly formed their plan; but hearing the hasty steps of some one approaching, they concealed their lighted torches in the chapel.

Olympia loaded her lover with the most bitter reproaches, and at the same time lavished on him the most tender caresses; then pretending she wished to retire from the damp of the evening, she persuaded him to enter the chapel, and embracing Laurentini, "My life," said she, with a most tender accent, "if you love me, as you have often sworn, why not, ere you leave me, honour me with the sacred title of wife? If I have granted you the favors, why not accord to me the rights of marriage? Are you wearied of an unhappy girl whose only glory was her love, and who has nothing left but her shame? O God! if Laurentini rejects me, who shall protect me?"

Laurentini protested that at his

return, which would soon take place, he would hasten to fulfil the wishes of his mistress as well as his own. "If such is thy intentions," added she, "why not do it immediately?"

Laurentini objected, "that at so late an hour it would be difficult to find a priest to unite them."

"I have provided one," exclaimed Olympia; "you have only to consent, and the priest is ready."

"But what will your father say?" resumed Laurentini.

"I have," added she, "revealed our loves to him, and he consents to our happiness."

The youth made no objection, but preserved silence.

[*To be continued*]

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

#### LUCUBRATIONS.—No. III.

Though hypocrisy may a while conceal my guilt, at length it will be known, and public shame and ruin must ensue. In the mean time, what must be my life?—ever to speak a language foreign to my heart; hourly to add to the number of my crimes in order to conceal them. *George Barnwell.*

No character can possibly be assumed by man, so calculated to excite the strongest abhorrence, as that of duplicity. The man of intemperate passions, and in whom



exists every inordinate quality that designates the corruption and frailty of human nature—as long as the possessor can keep those imperfections under proper controul, so as to render them harmless to individual injury, our veneration cannot but be excited at the fortitude and philosophy with which he struggles against such natural propensities; and it is well too, that his utmost is exerted to hide them from a scrutinizing and censorious world—but duplicity of conduct, by whom it may be possessed, so for whatever purpose it may be exerted, will ever deserve the reproach and detestation of every candid man. Its very object being deception, no means however dastard, is too ignoble to bring it into action, and to bear against the man designated as its victim. This vice becomes the more pernicious when confined to the circle of a few friends: and how few of mankind can associate together, even for the most harmless of purposes, of passing the “social hour,” or to perform the innumerable little avocations attached to society, but what the dæmon, duplicity, sculks in some sequestered corner and darts his malignant shafts upon the head of an unsuspecting mortal. It is here duplicity becomes doubly dangerous. Here it secretly strews those evils which in a little while burst into a conflagration, and discovers to the injured, the foul and unprincipled incendiary, infinitely more polluted than the wretch that fires our

dwelling by night, when sleep has deprived us of the power of defence!

*Bellville* and *Claudio* were remarked by their friends as being always together. Wherever the one was, the other was not far off.—To the world, these two young men appeared bound to each other by the most inviolable of all ties—the *bond of friendship*.—Arm in arm they were seen pacing the “lonely walk in sweet converse,” or spending the winter eve by the fire-side of the father’s of either of the friends. *Claudio* was some years older than *Bellville*, had mixed with the world, and consequently possessed considerable knowledge of mankind. His person was prepossessing, and a suavity of manners ever presented an exterior calculated to win a more unsuspecting man than his friend.—*Bellville* had not mingled enough with men to be tainted with their vices, nor had he imbibed a taste for that dissipation which so frequently destroys the fairest prospects of youth. Open, free, and unassuming, he despised an action that savored of meanness, and would loathingly turn from the blood-sucking sycophant, whose only avenue to creep into the good graces of another was by *duplicity*. Yet the man whom he thought of all others, had an unalloyed friendship for him, was a villain of the deepest die! *Claudio*, in reality, secretly detested *Bellville* from the bottom of his heart. He hated

his virtues, because his own bosom was never else but the abode of malignity. Whenever the latter became the encomium of his friends, the former would take care to dilute the praise with a sufficiency of falsehood to turn the coloring against his friend!

There are times when the body becomes relaxed after the strenuous exertion of its faculties, and the mind also partakes of the laxation of the animal economy. It is then, reason propelled by an easy flow of spirits, loses a momentary sway, and we abandon ourselves to levity. The companions of the reputed friends, after *Bellville* had retired from the convivial circle, would remark his uncommon good nature and the unusual flow of humor and pleasantry he had evinced. The infamous *Claudio* lingered behind for no other purpose than to represent his friend as under the influence of intoxication!

*Claudio* and *Bellville* always visited their female acquaintances together. Here was an ample field for the slanderer to exert his forte to the greatest advantage, to blacken the reputation of *Bellville*,—to make impressions on the female mind of all others the most unfavourable towards admitting a young man into their society. He would represent him as an unprincipled libertine, associating with women for no other purpose but to ruin and unsap their virtue; or, if

the more virtuous proved too resolute for his villainy, as a revenge, boast of liberties he had never been permitted to take. Hence it was that the countenance that had heretofore beamed with the mildest radiance upon him, after the third or fourth visit, wore the aspect of gloom and displeasure.

The duplicity of *Claudio* did not stop here. In order to bring his base and infamous purposes to their climax, he entered into a conspiracy with a scoundrel, as black as himself, to destroy the happiness of *Bellville*, and ruin his peace forever!—But the good genius of the latter, timely arrested the danger in its progression to his heart! The interference of Providence unveiled to him the precipice, down which he was precipitately to be hurled.

Let the young and inexperienced man, more especially him who has began the career of life, beware—beware how he accepts the too willingly proffered hand of sophisticated friendship.—Let them remember that it has a fellow capable of wielding the weapon that may pierce his generous bosom, and lay it open to all the corroding and heart-rending concomitants that will inevitably be the consequence of too indiscreetly choosing from among his fellow men, the one who is to be his companion and his friend.

A. M. G.

Cherry-Street.



*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

CHATTERER—No. I.

Nature I always thought the most useful object of human reason, and to make the consideration of it pleasant and entertaining, I always thought the best employment of human wit: other parts of philosophy may perhaps make us wiser, but this not only answers that end but makes us better too.

POPE.

NATURE is an ocean of wonder, and a subject that can never be exhausted. The sons of men have ever laboured and must still continue, in their searches into it, to labour in vain, in regard to any extensive or perfect knowledge of it—For as it is altogether the work of the most high God, so it must for that reason be forever incomprehensible to man—Man is indeed suffered to cast a weak eye upon and behold it far off; for near it, in its whole circumference, his understanding cannot come—Nor is he more able to take a distinct view of it, than the natural eye of the body is fully to behold the sun, without much labour—He sees nothing but the surface of the earth he treads on, and withal is able to endure very little, and almost nothing more.

There have been millions of men in all ages eternally at work, digging and delving, and prying into nature; some laying hands on and catching at one particle, and some another; for few or none

have gone farther, or done more than that in comparison of the whole; and many of them, after infinite labour, have done little more than wonder at it all their lives, and told us how ignorant they were, and unequal to the great work and part they chose.

Nature ever was and will be an admired mistress, having infinite and incomparable charms; forever as it were in their birth, young, gay, sprightly and beautiful; always in health, vigour and bloom; partly maintained in the sense and mind of man, by the distance she always keeps him at; never suffering him to be familiar, or use such freedoms as tend to surfeit or pall the mind, but only just admitting acquaintance enough to raise and maintain admiration and astonishment—And thus she manages it, that "*so far shalt thou go and no farther*;" there being fuel and a fund of riches in nature, together with a stock of ignorance in man, sufficient to support and maintain it for ever, exactly in the manner that it hath hitherto been.

Men have capacities to admire, though not to understand any more than just to create that admiration; and that they should be in love and ravished with nature, and sometimes embrace her too long and too much, and beyond their strength and abilities, is not very strange or wonderful, when the object is well examined and thoroughly considered. The infinite



works of God, displayed in the creation, command admiration, and will have it more or less, according to the degree and extent of our limited nature. There is an attractive nature in beauty which must be obeyed, and hath compulsive laws of its own, made for that purpose, that cannot be repealed or reversed; but must stand firm on the foundation and rock of nature, to ages of ages.

All nature is exceeding good natured and kind to man, and expands her charms for the entertainment of the whole reasonable creation in so beautiful a manner, that it is impossible for him to turn his eye, or be where it is not: if he looks inward it abounds there, if outward, it is there; if upwards or downwards it is there also; offering its assistance and service continually as a reward to those natural desires which we employ in our applications to her, which will constantly bear a proportion the one to the other.—For nature, notwithstanding she is benevolent and kind, yet will not dance without being played to. She will forever do her own part, but then it will be forever in such a manner as constantly to maintain her own dignity and value, and, as with care, avoid all degrees of prostitution; and, on the contrary, always as it were, persevere so far in a kind of coyness, as to excite diligence, and make labour necessary, in a very absolute sense, as nature is such an infinite piece

of work, both in degree and magnitude, and the rate and price of understanding each so various and different, in proportion to what we would purchase by it, or wish to attain or enjoy in lieu of it.

Nature, to employ our faculties and activity, and keep up a sense of the worth and value of her treasures, hath, as it were, set them up by auction, and made the best bidder the buyer; and, our natural capacities considered, the price of such glorious things as wisdom and understanding, and right reason and judgment is only diligence, application and labour.

These are the conditions of sale, and doubtless they are exactly reasonable; for what would we have without it, or what could be had without it: for, without proper desire, nature has nothing for us, that can be at all pleasing or grateful, if it were so put in our way, that we could not avoid stumbling on it; as it is from that desire that makes us labour, that we have a sense of the worth of things, without which they would be quite insipid, and we should have no more sense of them than stones, or the inanimate creation.

JN.LS.BS.—

*Cherry-Street, June 27, 1810.*

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The true art of making gold is to have a good estate, and to spend but little.

## LONDON FASHIONS

FOR MARCH.

An eminent writer addressing himself to the female sex, observes — "Dress is an important article in female life. The love of dress is natural, therefore it is proper and reasonable. Good sense will regulate your expense in it, and good taste will direct you to dress in such a way as to conceal any blemishes, and set off your beauties, if you have any, to the greatest advantage. But much delicacy and judgment are required in the application of this rule. A fine woman shews her charms to most advantage when she seems most to conceal them. The finest bosom in nature is not so fine as what imagination forms. The most perfect elegance of dress appears always the most easy and the least studied."

*Pelisses and Mantles* have undergone no variation since our last communications. A mantle of very pale lawn color Merino cloth with large hood, lined with pink silk, worn with a Highland cap of the same material, ornamented with two small flat ostrich feathers of the same color, is a most becoming dress to a fair complexion. We have observed several in very dark green, lined with pink or orange, with straw cottage bonnets trimmed with velvet flowers or shaded ostrich feathers. *Pelisses* are made to fit tight to the shape, without a band, with a broad trim-

ming of sable or of the Nootka Sound otter. They are mostly made in velvet of the color of rubies, garnet, royal purple, or puce; some are ornamented round the bottom with a very broad embossed figured ribband.

*Morning Dresses* are still made in a plain cambric, with oblong spots or sprigs of lace let in on the bosom and sleeves. Small lace caps tied down with coloured silk or gauze handkerchiefs, ornamented in front with a demi-tiara of fancy flowers, or a knot of canunculus. Gloves and shoes of correspondent colour.

*Dinner or Home Dresses* are mostly composed of stuff, cloth or velvet, embroidered or trimmed with gold, with long sleeves and moderate trains; either high in the neck with a falling collar of worked muslin, or full twill of lace, or just above the rise of the bosom with a white crape habit shirt or standing frill of lace plain, round the neck. Velvet Turkish caps, gold bands, and spangled nets, are much worn on the head.

*Bands* in every species of jewels are now the prevailing ornaments for the head; they are worn low over the face, with a diamond or other open work, clasp or loop in the centre of the forehead. The hair curled on each side in ringlets, the hind hair brought forward, and disposed so as to fall over the left side of the face.

No variety has taken place in shoes; they are still embroidered in gold or silver in the device of a star-

In respect to the jewellery, the greatest novelty is the band for the head; they are formed by two rows of coloured stones or pearls fastened to an ornament in the centre. Girdles in colored gems distinguish the woman of fashion. Ear-rings are made in the top and drop fashion. Broaches in the form of sprigs or flowers with gems of appropriate hues.

The prevailing colors for the season are ruby, garnet, puce, purple, orange, grass green and coquelicot.

#### FASHIONS FOR APRIL.

##### FOR LADIES.

*Group of female figures in Evening or Opera Dress*—The erect figure represents a female in a *la Russe*, of spring green velvet, with appliqued stomacher and slashed long sleeve of white satin, ornamented with pearl. A mirza turban of frosted sattin, with large crescent in front. White sattin mantle, trimmed with gossamer down, and confined in front of the throat with a diamond broach.—Diamond neck-lace and ear-rings. White satin slippers, laced and bound with silver. White Kid gloves, and fan of carved ivory.

*Sitting Figure*.—A white sattin slip *a la antique*, trimmed with gothic lace; long sleeve, full at the top, with cuffs to correspond with the stile of the dress. Laced stomacher front, peaked both behind and before at the bottom of the waist. Hair in the eastern

style, confined with a comb ornamented with pink topaz, and flowing in loose irregular curls over the bands in front. Ear-rings and neck-lace of pink topaz. Pink satin slippers, with silver gothic clasps. White crape fan, wrought in silver jessamine.

*Figure in the shade*.—A Grecian frock of aurora gauze, worn over white satin, laced from the bosom to the feet with silver. A nun's veil of gossamer net lace, thrown over a head dress, consisting of a silver *bandeau*, confining the hair, which appears beneath in dishevelled curls.

##### FOR GENTLEMEN.

*Full Dress*.—Superfine corbeau colour coat, with marcellas waistcoat, single-breasted; light sage green, or cream coloured kerseymere breeches, also those of black florentine silk are very fashionable and consistent in this style of dress.—Dark blue coats, with plain gilt buttons are likewise considered fashionable. The cravat is still worn high and full.

*Morning Dress*—consists chiefly of dark coloured mixed coats, with long waists, and narrow lappels and collars: the coat cut very high in the neck. Double breasted striped waistcoats, formed of various materials, such as marcellas, buff kerseymere, &c. Ribbed kerseymere breeches, with high-top boots; also plain stocking pantaloons with half boots. Pearl buttons are a fashionable appendage to this style of male costume.



## GENERAL OBSERVATIONS.

There can be no doubt that the female dress of the present day, is in much better taste than at any former period. A fashionable assembly, from the variety it presents to the eye, seems like a masquerade collection of the costume of the different nations of the world. This is as it should be, in a country whose very existence depends upon commerce, and the object of whose speculations is to draw together the productions of every quarter of the globe, it seems quite consistent, that the dress of its inhabitants should bear some analogy to the spirit of its pursuits; and surely as far as taste is concerned, this mode is far preferable to that dull, monotonous, unvaried system, in which every member of a party, like the shrubs of Timon's Villa is the exact counterpart of her companion.

*"Grove nods at grove, each ally has a brother,*

*"And half the platform just reflects the other."*

It is of importance, however, that prosperity should in some measure regulate the vagaries of fancy, and that the dress of every actor in this gay and varied scene, besides being in harmony with the character of the wearer, should be consistent with itself. I would not have the sentiment of religion and festivity mingled in the same person, nor the warm garments of the fur-clad inhabitants of the north, united to the light and gossamer-like drapery of the Eastern nations. A Carmelite tippet will ill accord with a Circassian head dress, a Spanish hat with a cottage cloak, or the cockle slouch of the bare-footed pilgrim with robes that indicate gaiety and pleasure. *Ackerman's Repository.*

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Paint and patches offend the husband,  
but invite the gallant.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

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## TO THE EDITORS.

*Gentlemen.*

At an old town in England, named Ross, situated on the banks of the Wye, amidst a fertile and delightful country, every heart of sensibility will feel its best emotions excited on being told, that it was the birth place, the residence, and the place where Pope's "Man of Ross" lies buried. The house which formerly belonged to him is now an inn, and on one of the window-shutters is written the subsequent inscription, by some unknown Traveller. The lines are so fine, that I could not refrain from communicating them to you,

Your's, respectfully,

JOSEPHUS.

## LINES:

Here dwelt the Man of Ross. O Traveller ! here  
Departed merit claims the rev'rend tear ;  
Friend to the friendless, to the sick man  
health,  
With generous joy he view'd his modest  
wealth.  
If near this roof thy wine cheer'd moments pass,  
Fill to the good man's name one grateful  
glass.  
To higher red shall memory wake the  
soul,  
And virtue mingle in the enobled bowl ;  
Here cheat thy cares, in generous visions melt,  
And dream of goodness thou hast never  
felt.

*For the Lady's Miscellany.*

*A Card.*—The short address signed *Nuptial Ties*, and any other communications in answer to my *Soliloquy*, which seems to have set the female part of community so much a thinking, shall receive due attention on my return from the country, whence I am going to spend the lapse of a few weeks.

During my absence, I hope that I sha'nt be over-stocked with communications on that subject, as I may not get sufficiently charged by my return, to answer them all.

In the mean time, adieu.

MORDEN.

Broad-Street, June 23, 1810.

### SINGULAR SPORT.

On Tuesday afternoon, a singular amusement took place in the neighbourhood of Bankside. A labourer having caught a rat about a fortnight before, and which was fed ever since on young kittens and milk, proposed that the rat should fight, on the above day, as many cats as it could, at half a crown each, and that the person whose cat killed the rat should be entitled to one guinea. At four o'clock, a full grown cat was put into the vat, in a vat where the rat had been previously fed, which instantly jumped out of the vat, and would not face the rat; and singular it is to remark, fifteen

cats were placed to combat this animal, seven of which lay dead in the vat, and eight ran off; but the 16th, being something of the tiger breed, was, after a severe round, which was supposed from fatigue of the other, enabled to kill the rat. If, instead of this sport, the well-fed rat had been turned back to its own haunts, it would have become a famous *rat-catcher*—for this we have been told is the best means of ridding premises of vermin.

*London paper.*

### LADY'S MISCELLANY.

NEW-YORK, JUNE 30, 1810.

Daniel Storms, was on Thursday 21st inst. tried on a charge of having murdered his wife, by strangling her.—There being no positive proof of the murder, the jury after a hearing of 13 hours, returned a verdict of *Not Guilty*! The trial of the other person, accused of murder, is put off to the next term of the court, for want of sufficient evidence.

The first drawn No. 16,750, on the 45th day of drawing, (in Union College Lottery, No. I.) entitled to 25,000 dolls. is owned by a company of gentlemen at New-Brunswick, N. J.

BANKS.—We learn that Mr. Blodget of Washington city, recently obtained a complete and accurate return of all the Banks in the United States. On the 1st of April last, the number of banks were 103, and of the branches 30, making in all 133. The nominal capital of the whole of which, exceeds fifty-eight millions of dollars.

A duel was lately fought at Paris, between two comedians (M. Presque and

M. Doule) of the Theatre Francois, in consequence of a quarrel occasioned by jealousy, both having for some time paid their addresses to the same lady. It is not a little singular that both gallants are upwards of 60 years of age, and the object of their tender flame on the verge of 70. They were attended to the field, the former by his son, the latter by his nephew. On the first fire Mr. Doule was wounded in the arm, when a reconciliation took place

By the last French code of laws, duelling is made a capital offence in France and her dominions

The Gazette of Saturday contains the appointment of *Henry West Betty* (the young Roscius) to be cornet in the Shropshire regiment of yeomanry cavalry. *London paper.*

A brother editor remarks, says the *Freeman's Journal*, that N'Apollyon, instead of being a friend to the "Freedom of the Seas," is a friend to the *Freedom of SEIZE.*

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

*Lauretta* in answer to *Morden*, and *Lauretta* to *Bellaria*, shall both, if possible, appear in our next. *Edgar's* effusions will always meet a ready insertion—his "*Noon*" we are obliged to omit, but it shall be manifest in our 11th No. *Cougecathawhachaga* shall be gratified. *Friend and Subscriber's* original effusion is rather indelicate; if he will give it some light touches it shall be attended to.

*The Youth* has "try'd again!"—Under the signature of *Juvenis*, though not in the same hand writing, nor is the spelling the same, he has written four *very pretty lines*, headed with *ten*, and an *N.B.* consisting of *two*—The "provided, &c." in the latter lines, have

such *dreadful meaning*, that we are debarred the pleasure of presenting this *second specimen* to our readers in the present No.; and, if the *ague* continues, we cannot promise for our next!—They may, however, meet the public eye when his *fever* abates.

On account of giving the *Fashions* we were obliged to omit *Variety*, and a *Summary of Foreign News* which we contemplated.

#### MARRIED,

On Saturday last, by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. Solomon D. Gibson, proprietor of the City Hotel, to the amiable Miss Ann Martin, both of this city.

On Wednesday, 20th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Miller, Mr. James Baldwin, to Miss Sally Swan, both of this city.

At New Haven, on Monday last, Mr. Nathan Starr, merchant of this city, to Miss Grace Townsend, of that place.

At New Brunswick N. J. on 20th inst. Thomas M. Evans, Esq. of Virginia, to Miss White, only daughter of the late Gen. White, of the former place.

At Elizabeth-Town, N. J. on 22d inst. Mr. Wm. Armstrong, of the city London, to Miss Elizabeth Roberts, eldest daughter of C. Roberts, esq. of former place.

Tho' our youths may be ever so gay,  
By Death and his fangs never stricken,  
They know not the hour nor the day  
That they shall be kin to a coffin!

At Londonderry, Master Samuel Wallace, aged fifteen, to Mrs. Betsey Coffin, aged fifty-seven!!!

#### DIED,

On Wednesday, Mr. Thomas Earle, aged 40.

June 22, Mrs. Cynthia Clapp.

June 22, Mr. Allen Taylor, aged 34.

June 22, Mr. Samuel Green.

At Providence, Mrs. Sarah Easton, wife of Colin Easton, Esq. of St. Croix.





.....  
*For the Lady's Miscellany.*  
 .....

SONG.

How sweet thro' the vale, when the  
 soft zephyrs blowing,  
 Where the stream gently winding, slow  
 ripples along,  
 And still move the herd o'er the mead,  
 brightly glowing,  
 While the groves mildly echo their  
 choristers song.

At such moments to pass thro' those  
 scenes, how enchanting,  
 With the low buz of insects saluting  
 the ear !  
 To the heart that has feeling no treat  
 can be wanting,  
 Save the soft breathing sighs of its  
 sovereign to hear.

Possessed of those pleasures, that e'en  
 are terrestrial,  
 The exulting soul smiles in her secret  
 recess ;  
 No care can annoy her, since joys near  
 celestial,  
 Triumphant drown sorrow in mutual  
 caress.

What happy youth wanders thus dou-  
 bly delighted,  
 And wishes to free himself of the fond  
 charge ?

Sure none but a maniac whose love  
 once was slighted,  
 Could harbor the thought e'er himself  
 to enlarge.

Were I but so blessed with my angelic  
 charmer,  
 Hardly life should persuade me the bliss  
 to resign ;  
 While I snatch'd from her lips a sweet  
 kiss and a murmur,  
 I'd thoughtlessly hope that Eliza was  
 mine.

Ah ! as vain as presumptuous I fear  
 the fond hope,  
 Since cold approbation scarce lights in  
 her eye,  
 When I've gaz'd quite enraptured, and  
 oft would have spoke,  
 All my wishes were vented, alas !—in a  
 sigh.

Then cease foolish fancy, no more thy  
 delusions,  
 Let me silently muse on the sweet cru-  
 el fair ;  
 Disturb not my mind with thy baneful  
 intrusions,  
 For know, they may drive me at length  
 to despair.

EDGAR.

.....  
*For the Lady's Miscellany.*  
 .....

ON THE STATE OF NEW-YORK.

*Extempore lines, addressed to T. A. C.  
 Esquire.*

New-York, the pride of fair Columbia's  
 clime ;  
 Help me, O Muse, to sing its praise  
 in rhyme.  
 Each one may say with truth this is the  
 place,

Lighted by science and adorn'd by  
grace :

America boasts not in all her train,  
Diviner honors o'er the grove and plain;  
Innocence here in great perfection shines,  
Each form and feature mark the lively  
mind ;

See from each side the fair in mild ar-  
ray,

Shoot forth in splendour, as the God  
of day :

Here may'st thou see with grace and  
beauty join'd ;

The virtuous heart which is too oft pur-  
join'd,

Here science sits on her respected seat,  
Clothed in a garb of modesty complete ;  
The arts here flourish with redoubled  
sway,

And industry, here bears the palm away;  
Here commerce with benignant smile  
appears,

Unfurls the sheet and sails to distant  
spheres :

Religion here its genial comfort sends,  
Sooths the afflicted, and the poor be-  
friends :

Here each proud heart descends, and  
needs must nod,

Each one here feels the influence of a  
God.

JUVENIS.

—:~::~~:—  
LINES,

*Written in the blank leaf of a lady's  
common place-book.*

Here is one leaf reserved for me  
From all thy dear memorials free :  
And here my simple song might tell  
The feelings thou must guess so well.  
But could I thus within thy mind,  
One little vacant corner find,  
Where no impression yet is seen,  
Where no memorial yet has been,  
Oh ! It should be my sweetest care  
To write my name forever there !

*As compensation for some typographi-  
cal mistakes, and in accordance with  
the wishes of the author, we cheer-  
fully re-insert the following*

ACROSTIC,

*Written upon an eminent Counsellor at  
law, in this City.*

Jack cuts his way, triumphant through  
a throng,  
Of foes that lash him, with envenomed  
tongue ;  
Hatred and envy dart their stings in  
vain,  
Nor can foul malice any hold obtain.

Ambition, darling passion, fires his  
breast ;  
Nor till he's gain'd his object, can he  
rest ;  
Drives forward all his plans, without  
control,  
Riches his aim, and honor is his goal ;  
Ever aspiring after something new ;  
Witty to keep his past acquirements too.

Generous, noble, hospitable, kind,  
Resistless, soars above the vulgar mind.  
As the vile clay, beneath the potter's  
wheel,  
He treads the insulting rabble with his  
heel ;  
Avenges the oppressed, gives justice  
sway  
Makes knaves submit to law, and  
rogues obey.

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